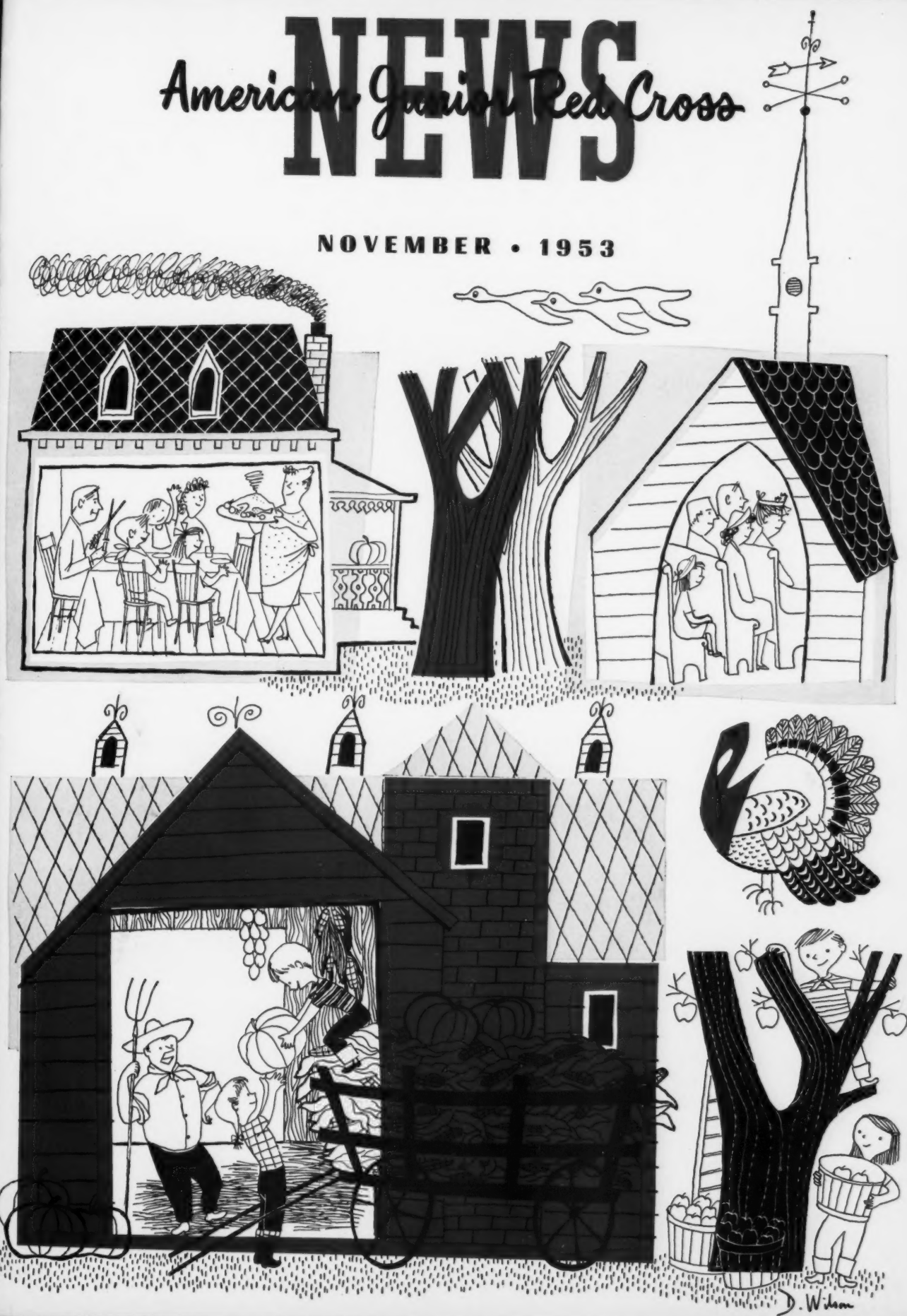


NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

NOVEMBER • 1953



J. Wilson



DOLL BRINGS JOY

A little girl in Athens, Greece, opens a gift box sent to her by the American Junior Red Cross.

Good Times Together

VOLUME 26 NOVEMBER 1952 NUMBER 2

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WHILE WE ARE GROWING UP

We Thank Thee

*For flowers so beautiful and sweet,
For friends and clothes and food to eat,
For precious hours, for work and play,
We thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.*

*For Father's care and Mother's love,
For the blue sky and clouds above,
For springtime and autumn gay
We thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.*

*For all Thy gifts so good and fair,
Bestowed so freely everywhere,
Give us grateful hearts we pray,
To thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.*

—Mattie M. Renwick.

Our November writers

Gladys Relyea Saxon ("Welcome, Butterflies") lives in Sunland, California. She knows firsthand about the habits of the Monarch butterflies, for she has often watched them flying over Monterey Bay.

Ann Nolan Clark ("Papago Cowboy") has achieved distinction for her children's books, especially in 1952, when her book "The Secret of the Andes" won for her the coveted Newbery Award. She has worked with the Papago Indians of the Piman tribe in southern Arizona, and knows only too well what rain can mean to them. Her home is near Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Vera Pickard ("Chief Operator") is tremendously interested in boys and girls and likes to write about them. She is principal of a school in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Vitamins for India's children

A gift of \$10,000 from the National Children's Fund has been made to buy multi-vitamin tablets for child-refugees in the flood areas of India.

Time to enroll

November 1-15 is enrollment for service time in the American Junior Red Cross. Remind your class to be on time and enroll early.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



Illustrations by Hubert Buel

Welcome, Butterflies!

For years and years the Monarch butterflies have been flying back to the same grove of pine trees near the Pacific Ocean, in California. How Frank Yakimoto welcomed them on their annual flight is told by Gladys Relyea Saxon.

FEELING decidedly pleased with the way he'd arranged things, Frank Yakimoto hurried along the curving California beach toward home.

The wind from Monterey Bay, sharp for early November, whipped his black satin jacket about and blew sand in his face, but he scarcely noticed. Tomorrow he'd see the Return of the Monarchs—and get paid for it!

Ever since he'd gotten interested in insects, he'd wanted to see the Monarchs. Now he'd been only 2 months in Monterey and he was going to! Tomorrow was Saturday and tomorrow they were coming.

Somebody had phoned Doctor Algard at the science laboratory that the butterflies were in the Santa Cruz Mountains across the Bay. That meant they'd be arriving about 4 o'clock, near the lighthouse as usual, all heading for the Butterfly Trees nearby.

Frank began to alternate running and walking, leaving the beach and crossing the cindery railroad field near the Old Customs House. It was almost 4:30 already and he wanted to get home in time to tell his mother all about his good luck before she left for work. If only he had his bicycle now! But he would soon. Doc would pay him 3 dollars for every good photo he got of the butterflies, and maybe the newspaper would want some.

Frank hurried down Figueroa Street, puffing hard. How ever could butterflies come all the way down from Canada through storms and rough country? Doc said they'd never seen the route before although their grandparents or their parents had. And why did they travel so far just to spend the winter? And why on a few little old pine trees? It was a mystery, all right. Maybe some day he'd solve it.

He was at the corner of Pearl Street now. Thankfully, he headed for his own neat brown house. He banged into the kitchen and collapsed on a chair.

"Quietly, please," said his mother, putting aside the pink dress she was making for 4-year-old Helen—or Haruko, as they called her within the family. "The home is the place for peace."

Little Haruko climbed up on Frank's lap. Bertie, a year younger, did the same. Too tired to protest, Frank let them hug him and tickle his ears.

His mother brought him a glass of water. "Now explain this excitement," she said, glancing at the clock on the ledge. "I must go in 5 minutes."

A little crossly, Frank nodded. That's why he'd hurried, wasn't it? Of course, he knew his mother left at 4:30 every afternoon to work in the restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf.

But he let none of his crossness show. The Yakimoto household might not keep to the Japanese ways, like holidays or clothes or talking the language, for his parents, like their Japanese friends, wanted to think and act "American." But they did insist on strict obedience and politeness. Sometimes, though, like now, Frank wished he . . .

He shrugged. What did it matter, really? His news was too special to keep. So he told his mother about the Monarchs and the photographs and the bicycle money.

"I want to see them!" Haruko shrilled, beating at Frank's shoulder.

"Me see them," said Bertie.

Frank quieted them, wondering at the

disturbed look on his mother's face. "It's all right about the babies," he told her. "Rose Iko said she'd take care of them until I got back."

"That's not the trouble," said his mother. "Your father says he will need you tomorrow. The storm warnings are up all along the coast."

"I can't! I . . . I . . . won't!"

"Frank!" His mother spoke quietly, but Frank knew better than to go on.

His mother gone, Frank got busy with supper. His father would be home, tired and hungry, right after dark. Every day his father worked from dawn to dusk trying to build up his "Yakimoto Garden Service," the kind of business he'd had in Oakland. Some day he wanted to have his own nursery and raise all sorts of strange tropical plants for the beautiful estates in and around Monterey and Pacific Grove. But that day was a long way off, Frank knew.

All through supper and doing the dishes, Frank's resentment built up. Why did this have to happen just now, just when he'd gotten everything fixed? And when he looked out of the window first thing next morning, the heavy clouds and wind did nothing to make him feel more cheerful.

Right after breakfast, Frank got into his father's little truck and the two Yakimotos started making the rounds of the Yakimoto Garden Service gardens. They covered up all the plants which might be killed in case of freezing temperatures and tied up all those that might break in the wind.

Lunch time came. Then another garden—2 o'clock; 3 o'clock. On to another garden.

As they were about to begin work, Frank's father looked up at the darkening sky. "The time grows short, my son. I will work across the street. You can handle this one, can you not?"

Frank nodded, trying not to show the sudden decision he'd made. If he hurried he could just make it to the lighthouse! He'd take his chances with the punishment he'd get. (*More on next page*)

Welcome, Butterflies!

CONTINUED

No sooner had his father disappeared behind the house across the street than Frank dashed to the truck for his camera. How lucky he'd brought it along, just in case! From here, though, he could see his father tying up a bougainvillea vine. There was only a row of young camphor trees to screen him. But he had only a few minutes to catch the bus to the lighthouse. It was now or never!

Keeping to the grassy places, Frank ran out of the yard and down the street. From the side street he could see the bus stop. With a final spurt, he dashed toward it. The bus driver screeched to a stop. Frank jumped on.

Reaching into his pocket for the fare, Frank's fingers touched something hard and cool. Not money. His father's favorite pocket-knife that he'd loaned him especially. Suddenly, the thing he was doing blotted out everything else. How could he have left his father to do all the work alone?

He turned in the doorway, jumped down, paying no attention to what the driver was saying. Back the way he had come. If only he could get there before his father missed him! There! He'd made it! He could see his father out in the rear garden, still working. With a great sigh of relief, Frank put his camera into the truck and went back to his work.

Two hours later, the last bush was covered, the last vine tied in both gardens. No matter what kind of storm came, his father's gardens were safe. Somehow the sky didn't look as stormy as it had even though it was sunset time, Frank thought, as he helped load the truck and got in for the short ride home.

But his father didn't drive toward home. Instead, he turned west on Lighthouse Avenue. Frank said, surprised, "I didn't know you had a customer way out here."

"I haven't."

"Then why . . ." Frank stammered.

His father smiled, but said nothing, simply continued driving west. Through the little business section of Pacific Grove they went, through the shaded streets beyond, and then into a grove of pine trees hung with gray-green lichens. How weird they looked swinging in the dusk!

Why, this was where the Butterfly Trees were! Too excited to ask questions, Frank jumped out of the truck and ran down the path to them. Three or four Monarch butterflies fluttered out of his way. In a moment now he'd be seeing thousands and thousands hanging on the trees like silvery brown leaves.

But the Butterfly Trees were empty!

A deep voice came from nearby. It was Doctor Algard—"Doc"—from the science laboratory. "Yes, I missed it," he said. "The storm must have kept them across the Bay in the Santa Cruz Mountains a day extra. They'll be here tomorrow!"

Frank could scarcely believe the good news. He hadn't missed the Return of the Monarchs!

"Can you get me those photographs, Frank?"

"Can I! Wait'll you see!" Frank told him. Tomorrow would be Sunday. Nothing could stop him at the last moment tomorrow. Unless . . .

"But maybe the storm . . ." he began.

"Moving out to sea, said the Weather Bureau," Doc reassured him. "I'll have a good day for my trip north. You'll have a good day for pictures."

Just as Doc said, the next day was a perfect one. By 3 o'clock the whole Yakimoto family was waiting for the Monarchs on the Monterey Bay side of the lighthouse. Warm and bright, the sun sparkled into tiny suns on the blue water. Little Haruko and Bertie played along the rocky shore. Frank and his mother and father kept their eyes to the northeast, waiting.

Frank had something besides Monarchs on his mind. Finally, he found courage. He told what he had almost done the day before.

All his father said was, "I knew, my son."

His mother patted his cheek. "We are pleased you did not keep it from us."

Frank checked his camera once again to cover his pleasure. The Yakimotos did not display their feelings very often.

By now it was almost 4 o'clock. There ought to be a dark billowing mass coming toward them. There ought to be a few separate Monarchs leading the main band. Had the storm delayed them two days?

Haruko and Bertie came running toward them. "Something's humming over there!" said Haruko. She pointed out into the Bay.

Something was humming, right enough! That something was the Monarch band. Fluttering and dipping, becoming more orange as they drew nearer, the Monarchs were returning to their winter vacation spot.

The lovely orange and black butterflies now were everywhere about them; some resting for a moment on twigs and branches,

some flying directly toward the Butterfly Trees in the grove back toward town.

Frank took picture after picture, until the roll was finished. "There!" he said; "now if five of them are really good, I'll have five . . ."

Beside him his mother was reciting softly:

"Cho-cho, cho-cho, na no ha ni tomare;

"Na no ha ga iyenara, te ni tomare."

Frank took up the little Japanese poem as he had done since he was as small as Haruko, saying it in English.

"Butterfly, little butterfly, light upon the na leaf.

But if thou dost not like the na leaf, Light, I pray thee, upon my hand."

Slowly he stretched up his free hand. A Monarch hesitated, fluttered, then lighted for just a moment. "Welcome," Frank whispered. "Cho-cho, cho-cho."

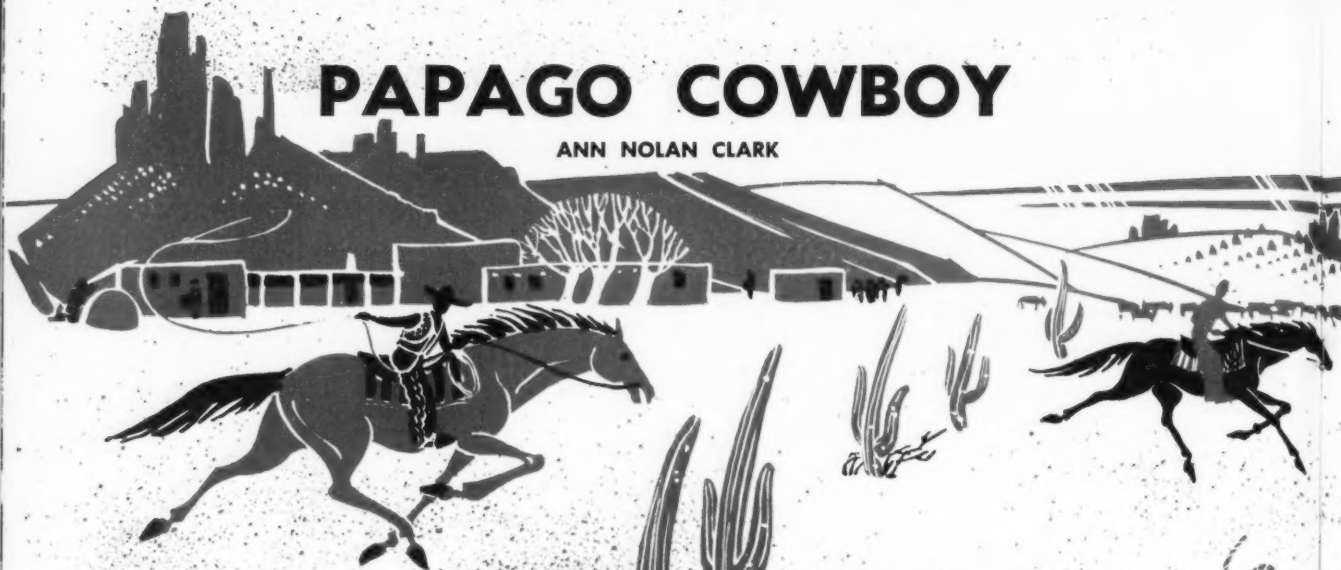
THE END



Slowly Frank stretched up his free hand to the butterfly.

PAPAGO COWBOY

ANN NOLAN CLARK



ALL THE TIMES of the year,
I like the desert.

I like the colors,
the smoky grays,
the dusty greens,
the purple shadows.

I like the giant cactus
forever marching up the hills,
but never marching down
again.

I like to do the things
the desert people do
to round the circle
of the desert year—
gathering the acorn nuts
in the mountain shadows,
picking the cactus fruits
in the desert stillness,
planting the food crops
in the sandy washes,
beating the wild seeds
into the women's baskets.

I like to do these things
with the people of my village
in the way my people do them.

I like to make the pilgrimage
to Mexico by wagon
for Magdalena Day.

I like to ride my horse
to Little Tucson
for gay Fiesta.

I like to pick the cotton
in the cottonfields
in winter.

All the times of the year,
I like the desert,
but there is something
about desert Round-Up time
that I like best.

Maybe it's because
I like the smells
of smoke and cattle,
of leather and dust.

Maybe it's because
I like the sounds
of singing men,
of milling herds,
of creaking saddles,
and the jingle of the spurs.

Maybe it's because
at Round-Up time
I am a Papago cowboy
in Papago Land.

First, there is the getting-ready.
That takes time and thinking.

My Father asks me, "Is your outfit ready?"
I tell my Father, "Yes. It is."

My saddle blanket is clean and dry.
My saddle's on the saddle pole.
My boots are soft. My gloves are soft.
My hat is clean. My kerchief's clean.
I've dragged my new rope from my saddle
to make it soft enough to handle.



My Father and I ride off together.
We ride our horses through the sand.

Sometimes, our horses jog along
almost touching,
side by side.

Sometimes, my Father's horse
walks first,
if the sand trail is deep and
narrow.

When we ride together
my Father sings
cowboy songs
to the horses and to me.

Getting to Round-Up is fun.
All the men,
the horses,
the camp fire,
the chuck wagon
and the good food
are waiting for us
when my Father and I
ride up to that place
where the people are.

The Papago men call to us.
They make us welcome.

There is plenty to eat,
enough for everyone
and everyone is hungry.

Tonight, after we had eaten,
Lupe made music
with his mandolin.

Miguel pushed dancing sounds out
from his pretty accordion.



Juan and Jose, Pete and Charley
sang songs in Papago,
in English and in Spanish.

The camp fire smoke
made a mark
like a school pencil
against the grayness of evening.

Some men told jokes,
funny things
that they had heard
or they had seen.

At first, there was laughter,
but soon a stillness
sat among us,
a hush like the pain
of a cut finger.

The little stillness was made
by the men thinking.

Sometimes, thinking is like that.
It is like hurting.



I know what the men are thinking.
They are thinking
of the dryness
that has come
upon our land.

All year there has been no rain.
There is no water.
The washes are dry.

The land is baked and cracked.
The cactus ribs are shrunken.
The desert does not bloom this year.
The grass is burned.

There is no grass to eat.
There is no water to drink.
Our cattle will die.

That is why Round-Up
came early this year,
to get the cattle buyers
to come for the cattle
to take them away in trucks
to feed them,
to give them water.

(Continued on next page)

Almost before I get to sleep
it is morning
and time to get up.
The cook has breakfast ready.
He is calling,
"Come and get it."

I sit with the other cowboys
in a circle
around the camp fire.

I sit on my heels
to eat my breakfast.
It is hard to do,
but I do it
because I am a cowboy.

My Father and I ride off
to cut our cattle
from the other herds.

We ride all day
by the smoky mesquite,
by the flame-tipped ocotillo
by the lacy paloverde.

We find the cows
that have our brand.
We cut them from the other cattle.
We drive our cattle together.

All day we ride
'round the sun blackened cactus,
by the dust covered prickly pear,
through the dry sand washes.

Our cattle move slowly,
their heads turned down.
Their ribs stick through
their burned brown hides.

We must get them
to the cattle buyers
before they die.

They are dying now.
They are dying on their feet
because there is no water.

I tell my Father, "If there was grass,
if there was water"
My Father looks at me.
He does not answer.

My Father begins a song.
I help him sing
although my mouth is dry
and my lips are burned
from the sun and the wind.

I sing with my Father
because we are cowboys
and cowboys sing
their herds along.

All the cattle are in.
Poor things,
their bones stick out.
Their eyes are dull.
They shake their heads
from side to side
and cry for water.

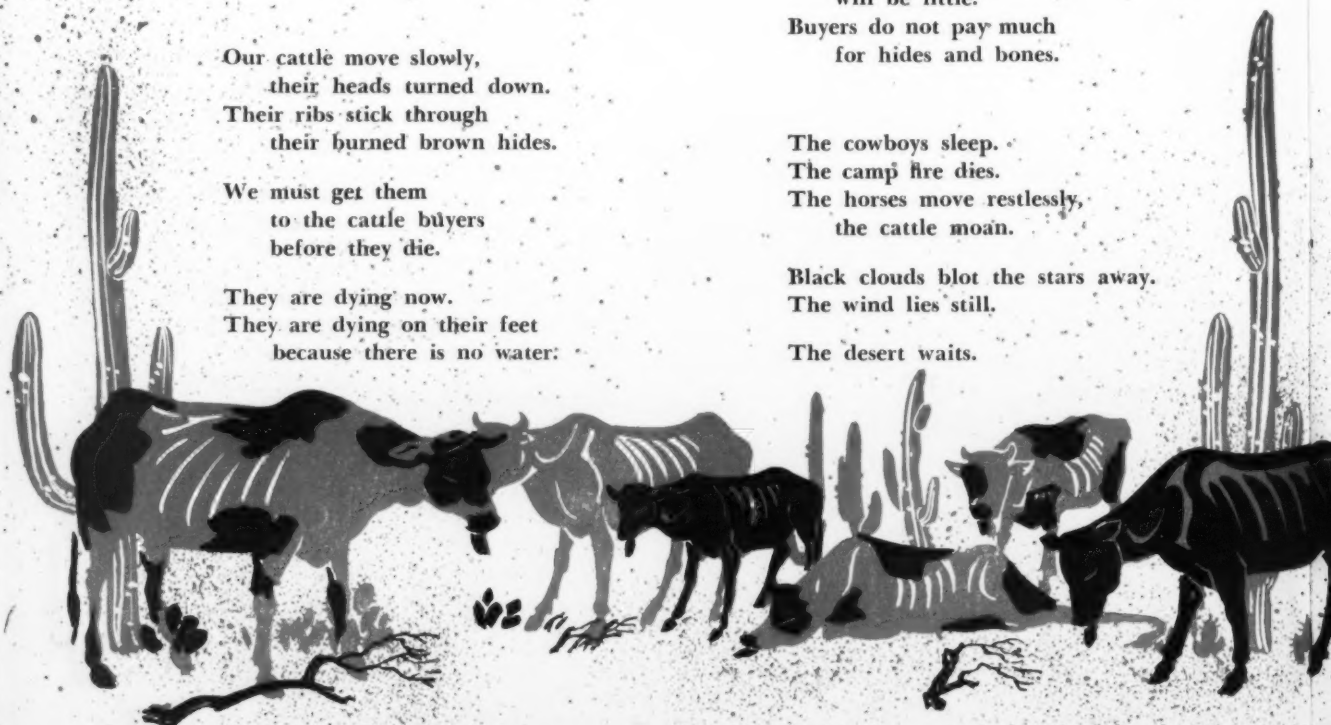
The calves are scrawny and thin.
Their coats are dusty color.
My Father says, "If it would rain,
we could save these fellows—
maybe."

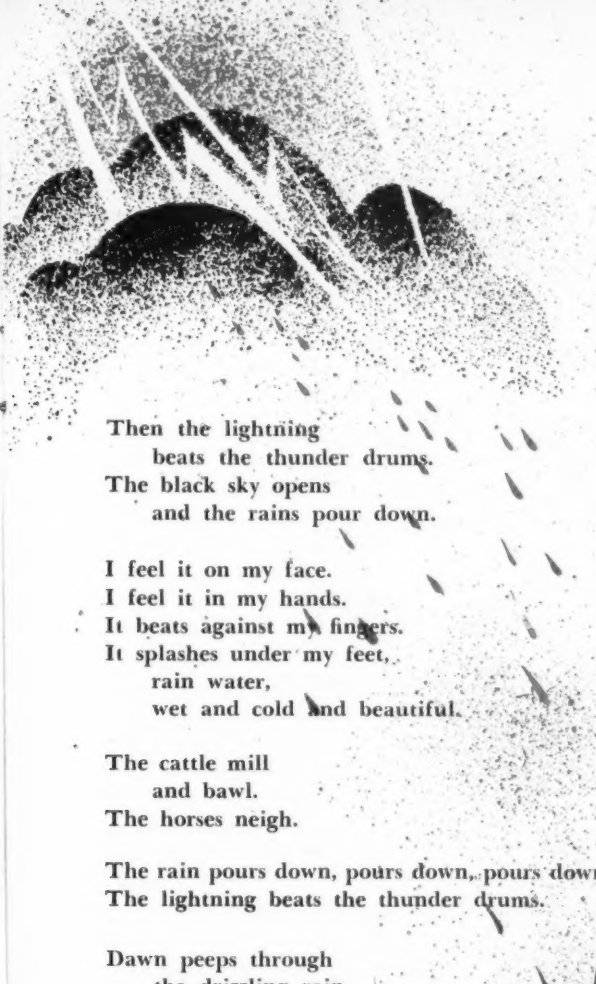
Tomorrow the buyers are coming.
They will truck the cattle
to feed and water,
but the money they pay us
will be little.
Buyers do not pay much
for hides and bones.

The cowboys sleep.
The camp fire dies.
The horses move restlessly,
the cattle moan.

Black clouds blot the stars away.
The wind lies still.

The desert waits.





Then the lightning
beats the thunder drums.
The black sky opens
and the rains pour down.

I feel it on my face.
I feel it in my hands.
It beats against my fingers.
It splashes under my feet,
rain water,
wet and cold and beautiful.

The cattle mill
and bawl.
The horses neigh.

The rain pours down, pours down, pours down,
The lightning beats the thunder drums.

Dawn peeps through
the drizzling rain.


Water creeps
over the desert.

New life comes
to the baked earth.

New green lifts its face
to the rain-dark sky.

The cactus ribs are full
to bursting with water.
The washes are water filled
and crested with foam.

The cattle stand to their knees
in pools of water
letting the rain soak
into their dusty hides,
letting the rain water roll
down their dusty dry throats.



The cowboys slush in the mud.
They work fast.
They shout with joy.

The day-rain drizzles
from the rain streaked sky.
The flash flood churns
in the sand bedded washes.

The cattle buyers
send a man on horseback
to tell the Papagos
that the cattle trucks
can not get through the mud.

What do the cowboys care!
They slush about in the mud.
They shout to each other,
"See these animals fatten
right before our eyes."

They say,
"All they needed was water,
it seems."

I tell my Father,
"We can save our calves now."

My Father laughs. He tells me,
"We can save our herds now.
The rains have come."

The day-rain drizzles.
The night-rain pours.
The lightning beats the thunder drums.
The herds are saved.

All the times of the year,
I like the desert,
but there is something
about desert Round-Up time
that is better
than any other time,
I think.

THE END



"Where, oh where — do our gift boxes go?"



SOWELL STUDIO

▲ At Longfellow School (Mitchell, S. Dak.), pupils run a "Junior Red Cross Store" where they sell articles for filling gift boxes.



▲ Juniors pack gift boxes (Jackson, Miss.).



LAST YEAR Junior Red Cross members in every state of the Union and its territories were busy filling gift boxes. Over 525,000 were shipped in 1952-53 to children in other lands. As boys and girls worked to pack the boxes, they would often talk about the children who would receive them. They hoped these children in faraway places would be made happy when they opened their boxes. They hoped, too, the gift boxes would speak of the friendly greetings they carried from the American Juniors.

On this page are pictures of a few of the American Junior Red Cross members getting their gift boxes ready for shipment.

On the following pages, pictures and letters of thanks from children in other countries tell where some of the boxes went, and how they were appreciated.

◀ JRC members at Fort Monroe School (Hampton, Va.) filled 40 gift boxes in their first year of enrollment.

"Here, right here —"

comes the answer from children in Korea,
Philippines, Germany, Norway, and
other countries around the globe.



LA ROCHELLE, FRANCE—Orphans in French hospital
laugh and sing in delight when they receive American
Junior Red Cross gift boxes.

PVT. PLOTKIN

Cholla Nomda, Korea

I received your wonderful gifts and am writing this note to express my thanks to you. Once Korea was a beautiful and peaceful nation, but since this terrible war, many have been left poor, homeless, and unable to care for themselves. Aid such as yours is a great help, not only to the children who receive the gifts, but to the morale of their families, as they think that we have such kind friends so far across the sea.

—Kim Hyong Seon.

Maasin, Leyte, Philippines

In the name of the Grade 5 class, I wish

to thank you for the things you sent us. When we received the garden tools, we cleaned the plaza at once. The plaza improved very much. The people of our town were very glad.

We also received copies of Junior Red Cross NEWS and we learned many poems from them. We also learned stories that teach us moral lessons.

—Salvacion Resma.

Ober-Westerwald, Germany

A week ago we received your lovely gift box. We have been very glad over it. We distributed the boxes among us. A boy

and I each got a washing cloth in our boxes. Accidentally the next morning we two came late to class. Our teacher said, "Our two washing cloths come too late." The washing with the new washing cloth has made us much pleasure.

—*Lusel Neust.*

Wexford, Ireland

Your beautiful gifts arrived at my school about 2 weeks before the Christmas holidays. They came just in time, as we had been wondering what to buy for the needy and ill children of our district. Everyone was delighted with the contents of each box. Your presents are much more practical than the toys and candy we are accustomed to give these less fortunate children. You have taught us a lesson for the coming Christmas.

We intend to visit the hospital on Sunday, and, after the concert which we will give for the small invalids, we will distribute your beautiful gifts.

—*Olive O'Neill.*

Tromso, Norway

I am a Norwegian girl, who was so happy to receive a gift box from your school. I

thank you very much. I had the box in bed with me when I went to sleep.

We sometimes have a good summer here, and we have the midnight sun which you have probably heard about. But we also have the so-called "dark time," when we never see the sun. That is a very dull time. In that time, we have to drink cod-liver oil, which doesn't taste good, but we have to drink it whether we like it or not.

—*Kirsti Eidsmo.*

Kenya, Africa

I wish the children who sent these presents could have been in the Orthopedic Hospital, Nairobi, when they were being distributed. The excitement and joy were tremendous. Some of the African children had never been given a present before.

—*Deputy Director of Kenya Junior Red Cross.*

Salonica, Greece

You can't imagine my joy and pleasure when my teacher gave your nice gift box to me. I cannot find the fitted words that could express my great thanks to you.

—*Elpieda Tripshoni.*

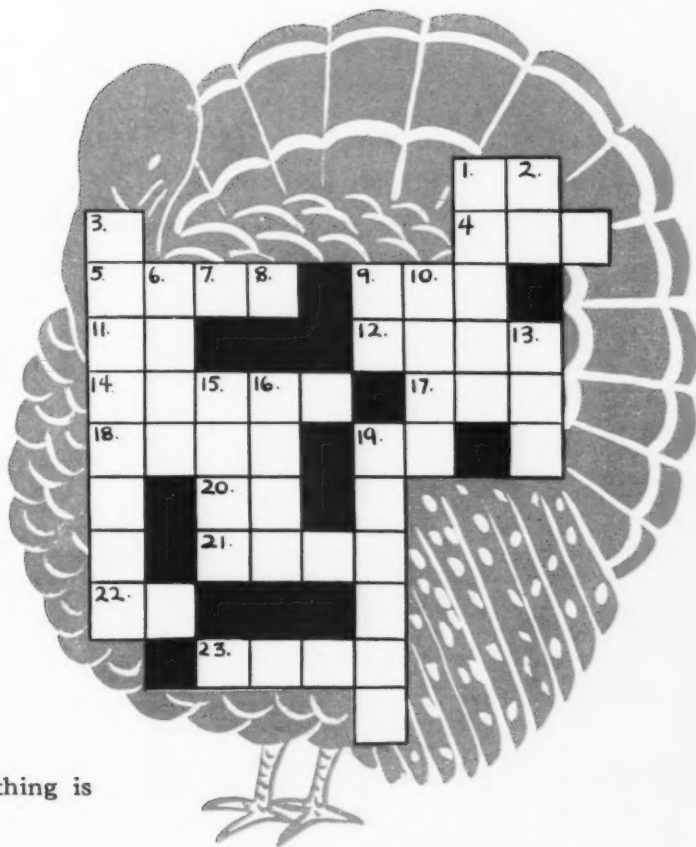
IRISH PRESS PHOTO
IRELAND—Two little patients in hospital explore the surprises in their box from America.



Turkey Puzzle

By OLLIE J. ROBERTSON

See if you can stuff
the turkey with the right
words before turning to
page 21 for the key.



ACROSS—

1. Abbreviation used when something is added to a letter.
4. Circular body.
5. Where you bake the turkey.
9. An animal whose name is pronounced like new.
11. Six in Roman numerals.
12. The Red Cross gives - - - to people.
14. To go in.
17. What you did to the turkey on Thanksgiving.
18. Turkey is this kind of food.
19. Pronoun.
20. Preposition.
21. To set on shore.
22. The smallest state (abbreviation).
23. The largest continent.

DOWN—

1. What a young turkey is called.
2. Abbreviation for senior.
3. Thanksgiving month.
6. What grapes grow on.
9. Last two initials of a former president, Warren -. -arding.
10. Tidy.
13. Animal friend.
15. What a turkey likes to spread.
16. Famous volcano on the island of Sicily.
19. A man of this race liked to hunt turkeys.



CHIEF OPERATOR

Story by
VERA PICKARD

*Whir! Bang! Snap! Terry Kane
clicked the switch on the movie
projector impatiently. Now what?*

Terry spread the instruction sheet on a table. He was sure he had threaded the machine the way Mr. Bennett had shown him. If the film should break in assembly, Mr. Bennett would be sure to make Jim Evans chief operator.

The clock told Terry he had 15 minutes more practice time before he had to go back to the sixth grade classroom. Terry's

hand shook as he checked the diagram with the projector. Over, under, around. Hey, wait a minute! It should be over, under, over. He remembered checking each step when he put on the practice film yesterday afternoon.

"All ready, Terry?" Mr. Bennett's voice came from the doorway.

Terry felt his face flush, as he turned to the school principal.

"I—I broke the practice film, but I think I have it now."

Mr. Bennett said, "Don't worry about the film. That's why we have one to practice on. It's the projector and the regular films that are important."

"Yes, sir," Terry answered.

Mr. Bennett went on, "You were a good

sport about letting Jim have first tryout."

Terry's laugh sounded embarrassed. "Jim spoke up for first turn when you told us there would be two school movies this week for the tryouts."

Mr. Bennett chuckled. "You could have argued about it. But you didn't."

Terry squared his shoulders. He had done everything he could. He had practiced after school on Wednesday—once through the "Jungle Adventures" film to be shown at assembly today for good measure. Then he had put the practice film on again. He had checked and rechecked.

A thought buzzed in Terry's mind. Suppose someone had deliberately tampered with the projector.

But no one would be that mean! Jim wanted Mr. Bennett to make him chief operator. But he wouldn't cheat.

"Something bothering you, Terry?" Mr. Bennett asked.

Terry grinned. "No-o, I guess not," he answered.

Mr. Bennett clasped Terry's shoulder. "You'll do all right. You better hurry now!"

Terry felt his cheeks getting warm. He reached up on the shelf for the gray tin box. The label said, "Jungle Adventures." No mix-up here. He reached in to take out the film. His heart thudded. He stared into the box. Empty!

"Jeepers," he groaned. "It's gone!"

Mr. Bennett stepped closer. "Gone? You probably took down the wrong box."

Terry ran his hand along the shelf. He shook his head miserably. "It's not here."

"Well?" Mr. Bennett's voice was stern.

Terry's lips trembled. "I don't know. I put it on the shelf."

No smile on Mr. Bennett's face now. He said sternly, "That film was your responsibility."

Terry wished he could sink through the floor. His eyes fell. Then a thin, shiny strip under the bookcase caught his eye. Terry dropped to his knees. He fished out the roll and held one end of it toward

the light. "This is it," he shouted. "But how did it get here?"

Mr. Bennett smiled grimly. "That's what I would like to know," he said. "You must have left the door unlocked."

"I know I locked the door—" Terry began. Oh, what was the use. Mr. Bennett wouldn't believe him.

"Get the film on now," Mr. Bennett directed as he went out. "And good luck!"

There was a lump in Terry's throat as he rewound the practice film. He had just finished putting on "Jungle Adventures" when the tardy bell rang. He locked the door and stuffed the key in his pocket, just as he did yesterday! He remembered Red, the high school boy who swept the rooms, laughing at him. "Better use both hands," Red had said. Red had walked with him to the office. Terry hung up the key. Then Red had locked the office.

Someone had gotten the key! How? Who? The questions echoed in Terry's ears to each step he took. Could it be Jim? There was no one else who could want Terry to fail. Before the question was complete Terry was sure the answer was no. It couldn't be Jim.

Terry was so deep in his own thoughts he paid no attention to two boys ahead of him in the hall. They walked along briskly. As they turned into their cloakroom, part of a sentence floated back to him. "... and right in the middle of the picture a boa constrictor is ready to strike at the explorer! You wait till you see it this morning!"

Terry's scalp began to tingle. He was talking about "Jungle Adventures"!

This must be the boy who had been in the movie room! Terry took two giant steps to the cloakroom door. Too late! The boys had gone into the classroom. Terry groaned. There must be some way to find out who the boys were. The only person he knew in that room was Dale Manners. But how could Dale help? A plan began to form in Terry's mind.

Maybe it would be simpler to let Jim have it. No! He wouldn't do it! Someone had to lose. Terry dragged his feet along.

Illustrations by
WILLIAM RILEY



"That film was your responsibility, Terry," the principal said sternly.

Mr. Bennett had called him a good sport. It wouldn't be easy to lose. But maybe—maybe, there was still a chance!

At 10 o'clock Terry went down to the auditorium. He was shaking as he took his place beside the projector.

He spied Dale Manners and held up a note as he caught Dale's eye. Dale came to his side and Terry slipped him the paper.

Dale winked at Terry when he was seated. He knew who the fellows were! Now if Dale could just get them to wait in the hall after assembly. "Oh, please," he begged silently. "Please, let me find out who the guy was."

Mr. Bennett was standing now. Terry heard part of what he was saying.

"... an especially good film. Terry will show it to you now."

For 30 minutes everything worked like a charm for Terry. The picture ran smoothly. The sound was exactly right. Terry felt a

warm glow of pride as he clicked off the machine.

As Terry rewound the film, Mr. Bennett walked down the aisle. "Stop in my office this noon, Terry," he said as he passed.

Terry couldn't read Mr. Bennett's face. "Yes, sir," he answered.

Terry hurried to the hall. Two boys stood against the wall. The larger boy wore a green shirt with a neat patch on the elbow.

Terry spoke quickly. "You saw this film before?" he demanded.

The boy's eyes bulged. "What's it to you?" he sneered.

The second boy chimed in. "That's right, Chuck! What's it to him?"

Terry grabbed the boy's green shirt. "You're going to tell me! Who put you up to it?"

Chuck didn't answer. Terry said fiercely, "Come with me to Mr. Bennett."

"No, wait!" Chuck burst out. "Don't tell Mr. Bennett. My brother would lose his job!"

"Your brother?" Terry released his hold. He noticed how faded the collar was.

"Red is my brother. I came back to empty wastebaskets for him. Sometimes Red lets me help him."

"And you went in the movie room?" Terry demanded.

"Well, yes," Chuck admitted. "I had Red's keys to open the rooms. I finished before Red did. I thought I would look at the film."

"He knows how to run it," the second boy put in.

"I didn't hurt anything. Before I finished Red yelled to me," Chuck said.

"So you dropped it and ran." Terry finished for him.

"I guess so," Chuck answered. "Please, don't tell on me!"

Terry didn't answer immediately. If he told, Red would lose his job. If he didn't

tell, Mr. Bennett would make Jim chief operator. He looked squarely at Chuck. The boy's eyes were full of misery. Probably Red really needed the job.

"All right," Terry said. "I won't tell."

He walked away. He felt almost happy. Jim would be chief operator. But he hadn't cheated! Jim was still his friend.

The rest of the morning passed slowly. Terry knew what the principal would say, and it was all right.

Mr. Bennett was at his desk when Terry came into the office. "Well, Terry," he said, "any explanation?"

"No, sir," he said in a low voice.

Mr. Bennett came around the desk. He put both hands on Terry's shoulders. "Chuck came to see me after assembly this morning," he said.

Terry stared. Mr. Bennett went on. "That boy has the right stuff in him, too. What do you say that we have a team of chief operators this year? You and Jim."

"Yippee!" Terry yelled.

Junior Red Lion and Sun of Iran

IN IRAN, the organization which is like our Red Cross is known as the Red Lion and Sun. Its junior membership was founded in 1948, and today numbers about 40,000 pupils in the schools of Iran. The Iranian Junior Red Lion and Sun carries on an active program. Last year, at Christmas, members sent 2,500 gift packages to patients in military and civilian hospitals; they installed weaving equipment in the schools; they sent samples of their handwork for display in Austria, Italy, and Japan.

To show their thankfulness for gift boxes from the American Junior Red Cross, the members of the Iranian Junior Red Lion and Sun filled gift boxes with beautiful articles, some handmade, for schools in the United States.

IRAN RETURNS FAVOR—Council officers in East Baton Rouge Parish (La.) puzzle over the proper way to put incense in a small oven, a gift in one of the boxes sent in thanks from juniors in Iran.



Fun with Books

A quizzer by JAMES ALDREDGE

Here's a game to make all young book lovers put on their thinking caps. Ten favorite stories are listed with their authors. Then at the side are 10 short statements, telling about something that happened in each book. The game is to put the proper titles in the blanks provided before the statements. How many can you tie up correctly? If you score 7 out of 10, you have proved you really know your books.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

FACTS

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1) Tom Sawyer
By <i>Mark Twain</i> | () A generous-hearted Dutch boy sacrifices his place in the skating race to his friend Peter who wins the prize. |
| (2) Uncle Remus
By <i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> | () A man who was shipwrecked and thinks he is all alone on a desert island, one day sees a man's footprints in the sand. |
| (3) Robinson Crusoe
By <i>Daniel Defoe</i> | () A wooden puppet who is made to come alive sees his nose grow longer every time he tells a lie. |
| (4) Pinocchio
By <i>C. Collodi</i> | () A doctor goes with his animal friends to cure a sickness among the monkeys in Africa. |
| (5) Wizard of Oz
By <i>L. Frank Baum</i> | () A boy hidden in an apple barrel aboard a ship overhears men plot a mutiny in order to get hold of buried treasure. |
| (6) Just So Stories
By <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> | () A little girl falls down a rabbit hole and there meets some strange creatures including the Mad Hatter, the Queen of Hearts, and the Cheshire Cat. |
| (7) Treasure Island
By <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> | () The Elephant's Child who is "full of 'satiabable curiosity'" meets up with a crocodile which seizes him by the nose. |
| (8) Hans Brinker
By <i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> | () An old Negro tells a little boy about the time when Br'er Fox was after Br'er Rabbit and how Br'er Fox got Br'er Rabbit into a fight with a Tar Baby. |
| (9) Story of Dr. Dolittle
By <i>Hugh Lofting</i> | () A little girl and her dog have their home blown away by a cyclone, but they later meet three good friends in their travels, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Cowardly Lion. |
| (10) Alice in Wonderland
By <i>Lewis Carroll</i> | () A boy who has been given the job of whitewashing a fence makes the work appear so attractive to his friends that they join in and offer to do the task for him. |

(Answers on page 27)

Library Rules

By NONA KEEN DUFFY

Library rules are simple things
But rules we all should keep;
Stack books in order on the shelf
Not tumbled in a heap!

Each book should have its special spot
Where it should be replaced;
A page should never be turned down
Or covers be defaced.

Return a book for other folks
When you have read it through;
Keep silent in the library
As others do for you.

Be sure your hands are clean and dry
Before you touch a page—
Library rules are not too hard
For folks of reading age!



▲ 1953 Book Week poster designed by Jan Balet.

New Books

Some dandy new books you will want to look for on your library shelves.

Secret of the Andes, a story, which won the 1952 Newbery Medal, of an Indian boy in modern Peru. It was written by Ann Nolan Clark, author of "Papago Cowboy," pages 8-11, in this issue of the News. (Viking)

They Built a City, the story of Washington, D. C., written and illustrated by Janice Holland who made the drawings for "Papago Cowboy." (Scribner)

Thirty-Three Roads to the White House, stories of our presidents, by Alberta Powell Graham, who wrote "Henri Dunant—The Man Who Hated War," May 1953 News. (Thomas Nelson)

Brightly of the Grand Canyon, a true story of a burro who roamed the Grand Canyon, written by Marguerite Henry and illustrated by Wesley Dennis who has drawn favorite NEWS covers. (Rand McNally)

In Clean Hay, a Christmas story by Eric P. Kelly, illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. (Macmillan)

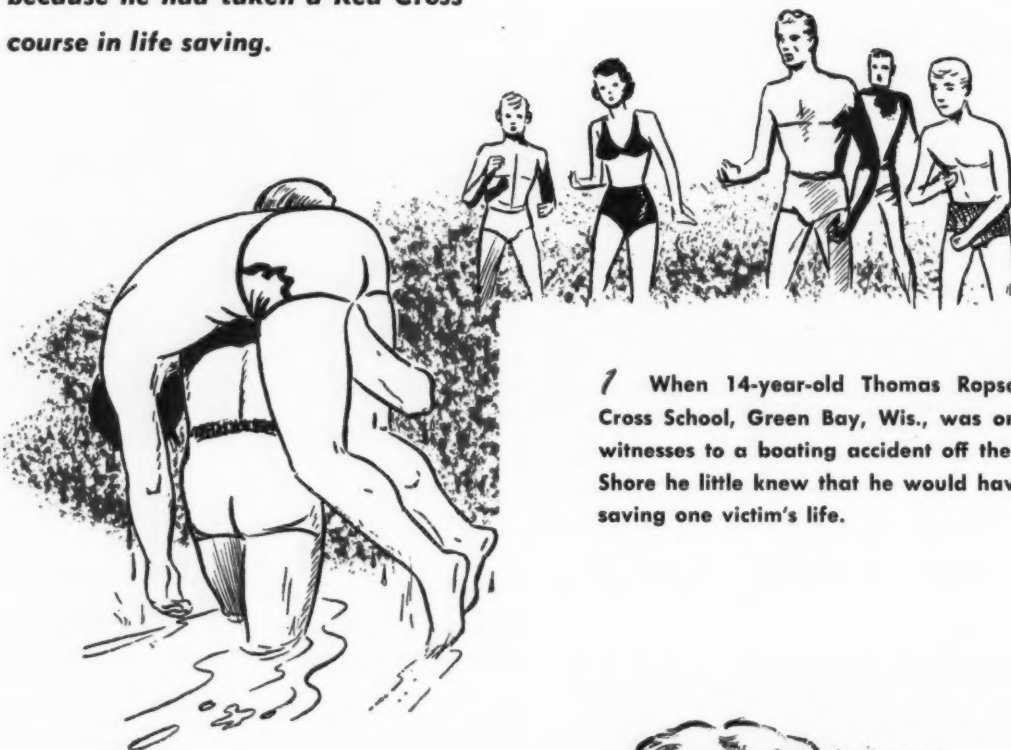
ANSWERS TO TURKEY PUZZLE (on page 15)



Thankful He Knew How . . .

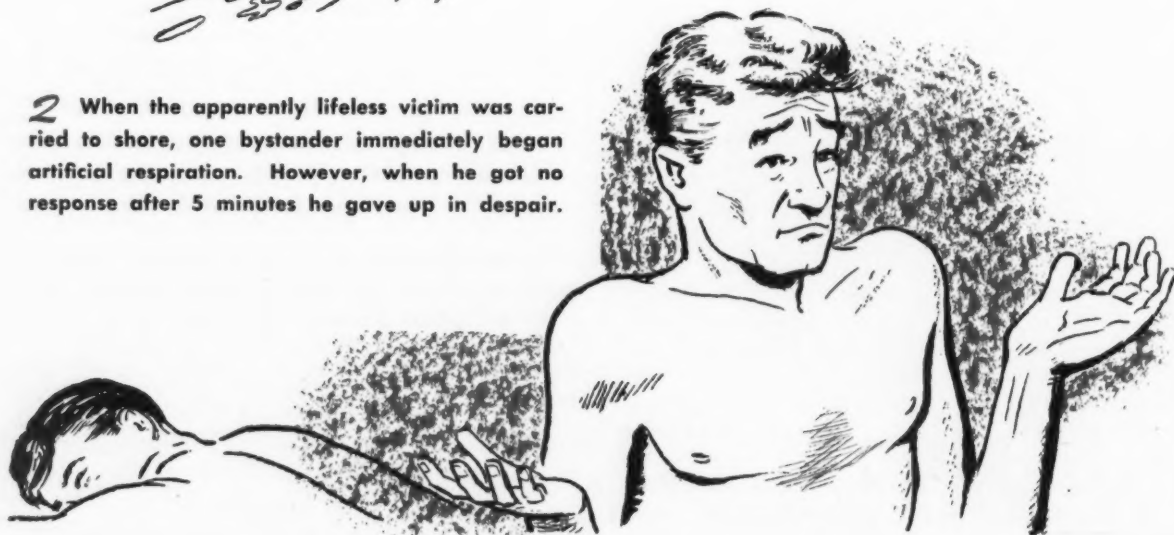
**A true picture story of how
one boy was able to save a life
because he had taken a Red Cross
course in life saving.**

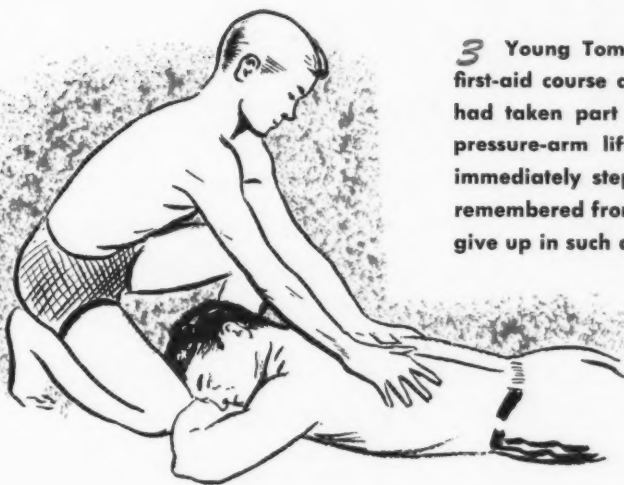
Illustrations by John Donaldson



1 When 14-year-old Thomas Ropson of Holy Cross School, Green Bay, Wis., was one of many witnesses to a boating accident off the Green Bay Shore he little knew that he would have a part in saving one victim's life.

2 When the apparently lifeless victim was carried to shore, one bystander immediately began artificial respiration. However, when he got no response after 5 minutes he gave up in despair.





3 Young Tommy, who had completed a junior first-aid course at Holy Cross School and who also had taken part in a special session on the back pressure-arm lift method of artificial respiration, immediately stepped forward and took over. He remembered from his study that no one should ever give up in such a short time.



4 Tommy continued his work for 45 minutes. Just as the ambulance arrived, the victim began to breathe. Tommy reassured him and kept close by in case he should be needed further. The ambulance squad administered oxygen and took the victim to a hospital.



5 After the victim, John Adams of Casco, Wisconsin, recovered he visited Tommy to thank him for saving his life. Tommy also received the Red Cross Certificate of Merit for his deed. But Tommy was most thankful of all that he knew what to do and how to do it.

It's in the NEWS!

How schools in Baltimore, Maryland, use the American Junior Red Cross NEWS is here told in stories, pictures, and song.

We Made a Survey

Pupils of Miss Margaret K. Wallace's third grade, School 74, made a special study of ways to use the NEWS. This is the list they wrote on the black-board—

THE Junior Red Cross NEWS—

- (1) tells about the Junior Red Cross.
- (2) has stories we read and enjoy.
- (3) has lots of good pictures.
- (4) helps us get new members for JRC.
- (5) helps us to learn about other people and their countries.
- (6) gives us information about many of our school subjects.
- (7) helps us to plan plays and programs.
- (8) shows us how to be better JRC members.

We Like the Stories

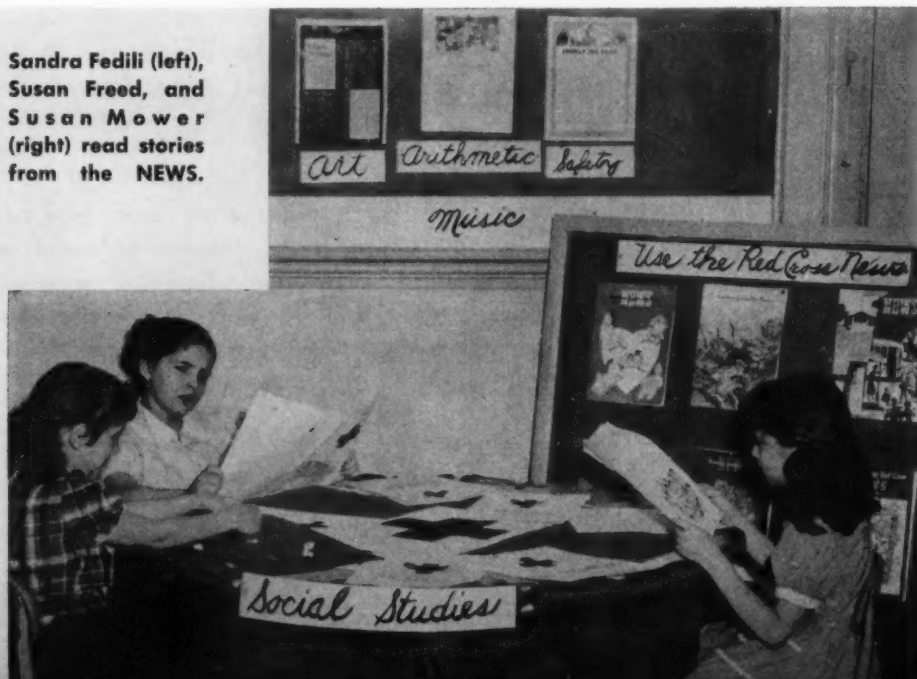
"Three little maids" of School 61, Sandra Fedili, Susan Freed and Susan Mower, tell how they use the NEWS.

IN OUR third grade class we use the NEWS in many ways, as you can see from our picture below. The stories and poems help us get extra work in reading, music, art, arithmetic, and social studies.

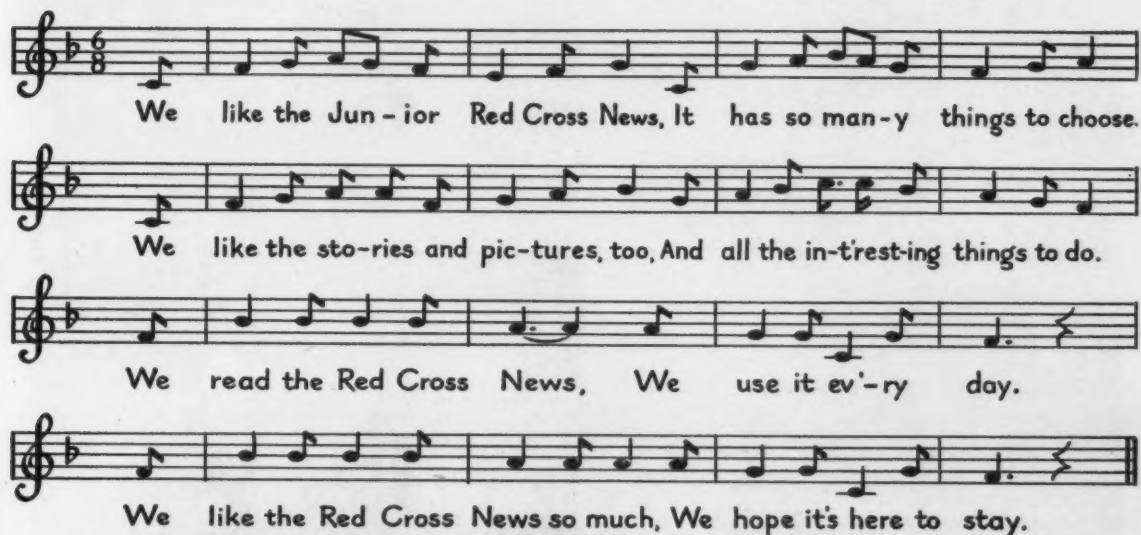
Then we have fun telling others about the interesting stories we have read. One of the exciting animal stories we liked was "Always Face a Panther" (November 1952 NEWS). We picked this story to tell to the class.

Sometimes we make booklets and chart stories for our bulletin board. Often we

Sandra Fedili (left), Susan Freed, and Susan Mower (right) read stories from the NEWS.



We Like the Junior Red Cross News



The musical score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are written below the notes.

We like the Jun - ior Red Cross News, It has so man - y things to choose.

We like the sto - ries and pic - tures, too, And all the in - trest - ing things to do.

We read the Red Cross News, We use it ev' - ry day.

We like the Red Cross News so much, We hope it's here to stay.

ART WORK BY ALICE FITZGERALD

A WE WROTE A SONG—Both the words and music of the song above were composed by Miss Margaret K. Wallace and her third grade students at School No. 74, Baltimore, Md.

find facts in the NEWS to help us write stories of our own.

We especially like the article in the May NEWS about swimming. It tells how to make a water fountain. If there are several people, you just lie on your back and form a circle. Then you splash your feet.

After we read about the "Seashore Wonderland," some of us started collecting sea-shells. There's one shell we didn't know had life in it. It is called a limpet. The limpet lives in a little tent-shaped house and clings tightly to rocks. When under water, the little animal lifts its shell house and out comes a large foot, which helps the limpet crawl around looking for food.

Our teacher, Mrs. Duvall, lived near Chesapeake Bay when she was a little girl. She told us about the snails they found clinging to the rocks. You can sing a song to the snail and he will come out of his shell. We liked the story about the shells in the NEWS.

We Wrote to the Editor

From fourth graders in School 74 came several letters telling the editor of the NEWS what they like in the magazine.

I THINK it is wonderful that there are so many interesting stories in the Junior Red Cross NEWS. I enjoy stories in which people from other countries find new friends in America like the Thanksgiving story our teacher saved ("Vasek's First Thanksgiving," November 1951). I also like the magazine because it has geography about foreign countries.

—Garnetta Potee

A STORY I liked in the Junior Red Cross NEWS was called "Quiet Boy" (November 1952). It told how an Indian saved a boy's life who had been very mean to him. I like the NEWS because it has stories about other lands. These stories can be very useful to you if you are making a report about other countries.

—Dee Sexton

Shower Time



Thanksgiving is shower time in Erie, Pennsylvania. Junior Red Cross members in Wesleyville School begin bringing fruits to school days ahead of Thanksgiving. Some of the fruit comes from their own trees. Some of it they buy with money they have earned.

The children decorate big baskets at school with colored paper

and cutout turkeys. They fill the baskets heaping full of fruit. One of the class artists paints a card of greetings.

Then a committee is selected to take the shower baskets to the Sarah Reed House. The picture above shows how happy two of the residents are with their Thanksgiving shower.



Holiday Sunshine

AS ONLY ONE part of their fine program of community service, JRC members of Abraham Lincoln School (Penobscot County Chapter, Maine) visited the old folks home on Thanksgiving and gave a musical program for the residents. The boys and girls also presented baskets filled with homemade fudge and other surprises.

The Pilgrims

*As Thanksgiving time draws near
History of the Pilgrims we hear.
Their homes were built of trees,
They filled the cracks with mud and leaves.*

*Most of their clothing was black and white,
All the little children dressed alike.
The ladies wore dresses long and full,
Snug and warm, made of wool.*

*The men went hunting and brought back
deer—
They had wild game throughout the year.
They were so faithful, good, and true,
That was the beginning of our red, white, and
blue.*

CLAUDINE COSBY
Irving School, Grade 6
Tulsa, Okla.

JRC Exhibit

DURING American Education Week (November 8-14), when your parents visit your school, be sure to set up a special display of your Junior Red Cross projects for them to see.

What J-R-C Means to Me

Junior Red Cross teaches us to appreciate what we have in the United States and to help less fortunate children in other countries. It also shows us that selfishness with our money is not good.

When we send gift boxes we develop friendliness toward other people. JRC also helps us to communicate with people all over the United States, for example by making holiday favors for hospitals.

I guess the reason JRC means so much to me is because sharing with other people and being able to help people by communicating with them makes me feel pretty warm inside.

RICHARD LEVY and
GLORIA FUENTES
Homer School, Grade 6
Springfield, Mass.

Put in a Gift

WE BEGAN our JRC gift box drive at Crummell School by fastening a sign—PUT IN A GIFT—with a gift box on each classroom door. We placed posters we had made about the building, too.

In the hall was a large Red Cross, divided into 12 large blocks, one for each classroom. As each room filled their quota of gifts the blocks were filled with red. Our drive lasted 8 days and we filled 71 boxes.

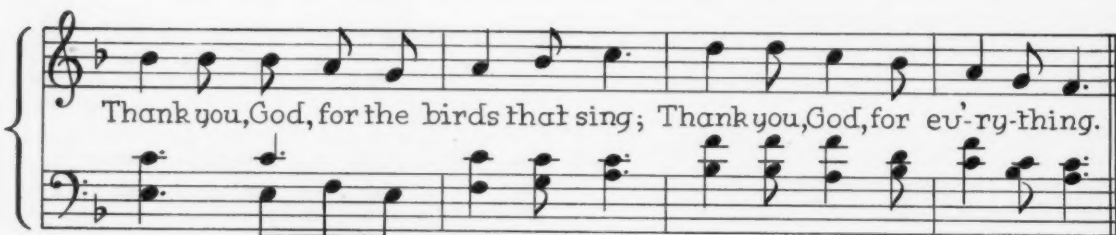
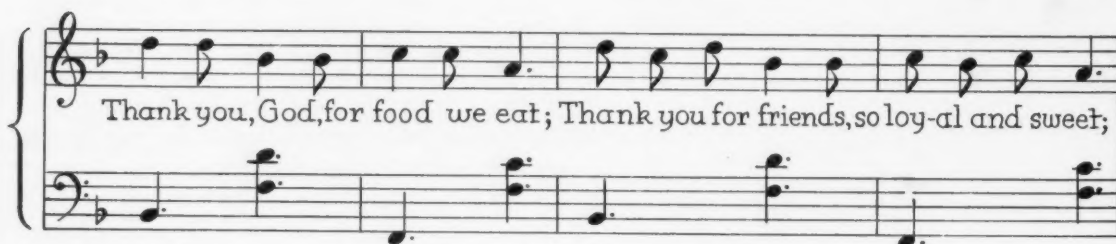
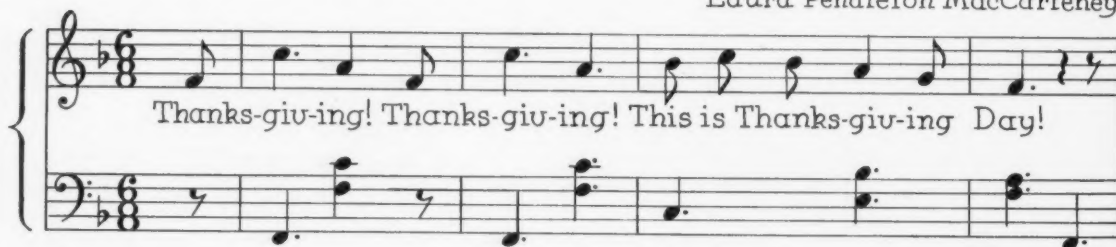
NANCY JORDAN
Crummell School
Washington, D. C.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 20

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| (1) Tom Sawyer | (6) Just So Stories |
| (2) Uncle Remus | (7) Treasure Island |
| (3) Robinson Crusoe | (8) Hans Brinker |
| (4) Pinocchio | (9) Story of Doctor Dolittle |
| (5) The Wizard of Oz | (10) Alice in Wonderland |



Laura Pendleton MacCartney



Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin



